THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, May* 16, 1807. [No. 20.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

Though politicks must sometimes have their place, and though topicks of local interest will assert their claim, yet the department of belles lettres, wide as it is, must be traversed, in every direction, by the conductor of a journal, expressly designed to nurse the genius, to excite the taste, and to interest the gentleman and scholars of the country. Incited by the glorious example of Sir W. Jones, by the ingenious writers in The Adelphiad who are pursuing a similar track,[1] and by the counsel of a learned and respected friend, we shall again direct our willing eyes to the charms of the graceful muses of the eastern nations. Careful that the speculations, which may appear on this subject be not too dry and recondite, we frankly avow, that it is designed by a natural process to lead men from admiring, exclusively, the poets of Arabia to the study of other eastern and western poets, whose piety, sublimity, good sense, and good taste, challenge our strongest praise. A series of papers of this nature, judiciously diversified, and not too diffusively written, which should comprehend most of the leading canons of criticism, and point out the principal beauties in the best walks of composition cannot fail to be useful to many; and of peculiar benefit will they prove to some, who, aloof from vulgar cares, or who disdain their control, care for nothing so much as literary distinction.

ORIENTAL POESY.

THE discordant and inconsistent accounts of the commentators, who seem to have collected without examination every tradition that presented itself, have left us much in the dark on the subject of the two following poems: but the common opinion, which appears to me the most probable, is, that they are, in fact, *political and adverse declamations*, which were delivered by Amru and Hareth, at the head of their respective clans, before Amru, the son of Hinda, king of Hira, in Mesapotamia, who had assumed the office of a mediator between them, after a most obstinate war, and had undertaken to hear a discussion of their several claims to preeminence, and to decide their cause with perfect impartiality. In some copies, indeed, as in those of Nahas and Zanzeni, the two poems are separated; and in that of Obaidalla, the poem of Hareth is totally omitted: a remarkable fact of which I have made some use to a different purpose *in a preliminary dissertation*. Were I to draw my opinion solely from the structure and general terms of Amru's poem, I should conceive that the king of Hira, who, like other tyrants, wished *to make all men just but himself, and to have all nations free but his own*, had attempted to enslave the powerful tribe of Tagleb, and to appoint a prefect over them; but that the warlike possessours of the deserts and the forests had openly disclaimed his authority, and employed their principal leader and poet to send him a defiance, and magnify their own independent spirit.

Some Arabian writers assert, what there is abundant reason to believe, that the abovementioned king was killed by the authour of the following poem, who composed it, say they, on that occasion; but the king himself is personally addressed by the poet, *and warned against precipitation in deciding the contest;* and, where mention is made of *crowned heads left prostrate in the field*, no particular monarch seems to be intended, but the conjunction *copulative* has the force, as it often has in Arabia, of a *frequentative* particle.

Let us then, where certainty cannot be obtained, be satisfied with high probability, and suppose, with Tabreizi, that the two tribes of Beir and Tagleb, having exhausted one another in a long war, to which the murder of Coleib, the Taglebite, had given rise, agreed to terminate their ruinous quarrel, and to make the king of Hira their umpire; that, on the day appointed, the tribes met before the palace or royal tent; and that Amru, the son of Celthum, prince of the Taglebites, either pronounced his poem according to the custom of the Arabs, or stated his pretensions in a solemn speech, which he afterwards versified, that it might be the more easily remembered by his tribe and their posterity.

The oration or poem, or whatever it may be called, is arrogant beyond description, and contains hardly a colour of argument: the prince was, most probably, a vain young man, proud of his accomplishments, and elate with success in his wars; but his production could not fail of becoming extremely popular among his countrymen; and his own family, the descendants of Josham, the son of Beir, were so infatuated by it, that (as one of their own poets admits) *they could scarce ever desist from repeating it, and thought they had attained the summit of glory without any further exertions of virtue.* He begins with a strain perfectly Anacreontick; the elegiack of the former poems not being well adapted to his eager exultation and triumph; yet there is some mixture of complaint on the departure of his mistress, whose beauties he delineates with a boldness and energy highly characteristick of unpolished manners: the rest of his work consists of menaces, vaunts, and exaggerated applause of his own tribe for their generosity and prowess, the goodness of their horses, the beauty of their women, the extent of their possessions, and even the number of their ships; which boasts were so well founded, that, according to some authours, if Mahomed had not been born, the Taglebites would have appropriated the dominion of all Arabia, and possibly would have erected a mighty state, both civil and maritime.

THE POEM OF AMRU.

Holla! awake sweet damsel, and bring our morning draught, in thy capacious goblet, nor suffer the rich wines of Enderein to be longer hoarded! Bring the well-tempered wine, that seems to be tinctured with saffron; and, when it is diluted with water, overflows the cup.

This is the liquor which diverts the anxious lover from his passion; and, as soon as he tastes it, he is perfectly composed: hence, thou seest the penurious churl, when the circling bowl passes him, grow regardless of his pelf; when its potent flames have seized the discreetest of our youths, thou wouldst imagine him to be in a phrenzy.

Thou turnest the goblet from us, O mother of Amru! for the true course of the goblet is to the right hand. He is not the least amiable of thy three companions, O mother of Amru, to whom thou hast not presented the morning bowl!

How many a cup have I purchased in Balbeck! how many more in Damascus and Kasirein!

Surely our allotted hour of fate will overtake us; since we are destined to death, and death to us!

O stay a while, before we separate, thou lovely rider on camels, that we may relate to thee our sorrows, and thou to us my delights! O stay! that we may inquire, whether thou hast altered thy purpose of departing hastily, or whether thou hast wholly deceived thy too confident lover? In the hateful day of battle, while he struggles amid wounds and blows, may the ruler of the world refresh thy sight with coolness, and gratify it with every desired object!

O Amru! when thou visitest thy fair one in secret, and when the eyes of lurking enemies are closed in rest, she displays two lovely arms, fair and full as the limbs of a

long-necked snow-white young camel, that frisks in the vernal season, over the sandy banks and green hillocks; and two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those who presume to touch them: she discovers her tender shape, tall and well proportioned, and her sides gracefully rising, with all their attendant charms; her hips elegant and swelling, which the entrance of the tent is scarce large enough to admit, and her waist, the beauty of which drives me to madness; with two charming columns of jasper or polished marble, on which hang rings and trinkets, making a stridulous sound.

My youthful passion is rekindled, and my ardent desire revives, when I see the camels of my fair one driven along in the evening; when the towns of Yemima appear in sight, exalted above the plains, and shining like bright sabres in the hands of those who have unsheathed them. *When she departs*, the grief of a she-camel, who seeks her lost foal, and returns despairing with piercing cries, equals not my anguish; nor that of a widow with snowy locks, whose mourning never ceases, for her nine children, of whom nothing remains but what the tomb has concealed.

Such is our fate! This day and the morrow, and the morning after them, are pledges in the hand of Destiny for events of which we have no knowledge.

O son of Hinda, be not precipitate in giving judgment against us! Hear us with patience, and we will give thee certain information that we led our standards to battle, *like camels to the pool*, of a white hue, and bring them back stained with blood, in which they have quenched their thirst; that our days of prosperity, in which we have refused to obey the commands of kings, have been long and brilliant!

Many a chief of his nation, on whom the royal diadem has been placed, the refuge of those who implored his protection, have we left prostrate on the field, while his horses waited by his side, with one of their hoofs bent, and with bridles richly adorned.

Often have we fixed our mansions in Dhu Thaluh, towards the districts of Syria, and have kept at a distance those who menaced us.

We were so disguised in our armour, that the dogs of the tribe snarled at us; yet we stripped the branches from every thorny tree, every armed warriour, that opposed us.

When we roll the milk-stone over a little clan, they are ground to flour in the first battle; from the eastern side of Najd the cloth of the mill is spread, and whatever we cast into it soon becomes impalpable powder.

You alight on your hills as guests are received in their station, and we hasten to give you a warm reception, lest you should complain of our backwardness: we invite you to our board, and speedily prepare for your entertainment a solid rock, which, before daybreak shall reduce you to dust.

Surely hatred after hatred has been manifested by thee, *O hostile chief*, and my secret anger has been revealed! but we have inherited glory, as the race of Maad well knows; we have fought with valour till our fame has been illustrious. When the falling pillars of your tents quiver over our furniture, we defend our neighbours from the impending ruin. We dispense our gifts to our countrymen, but disdain to share their spoils; and the burdens, which we bear, we support for their advantage. When the troops of the foe are at a distance from us, we dart our javelins; and, when we close in the combat, we strike with sharp sabres; our dark javelins exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate our sabres, bright and piercing: with these we cleave in pieces the heads of our enemies; we mow, we cut down their necks as with sickles: then you might imagine the skulls of heroes on the plain to be the bales of a camel, thrown on the rocky ground. Instead of submitting to them, we crush their heads; and their terrour is such that they know not on which side the danger is to be feared. Our cymeters, whose strokes are furiously interchanged, are as little regarded by us, as twisted sashes, in the hands of playful children. Their armour and ours, stained reciprocally with blood, seems to be dyed or painted with the juice of the crimson syringa-flower.

At a time when the tribe is reluctant to charge the foe, apprehensive of some probable disaster, then we lead on our troop, like a mountain with a pointed summit; we preserve our reputation, and advance in the foremost ranks, with youth who consider death as the completion of glory, and with aged heroes, experienced in war: we challenge all the clans together to contend with us, and we boldly preclude their sons from approaching the mansion of our children.

(*To be continued.*)

SATIRICAL.

From New-York we receive, though not with quite so much regularity as it is printed, an ingenious pamphlet with the appropriate title of "SALMAGUNDI, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others." Its avowed object is to smile at the peculiarities of humourists, to deride the follies of fashion, and to expose the absurdity of our institutions. Its editors are a confederacy of men of wit and men of the world; and though they have very carefully concealed themselves from the publick, yet they are not unknown to us. During our Academical life, as we disdain-

ed the dull discipline of a Calvinistick College, we pursued a course of studies of our own choice, and, as our humour prompted, used to raise the Devil with Dr. Faustus, or study the stars like Goodman Ptolemy. Magick had much of our regard. We held sorceresses in high estimation, and had a profound respect for a necromancer. We were skilled in fairy wiles and rosicrusian arts and all curious arts but the *black* art, which our honour would not permit us to understand. The moment we heard of this incognito club at New-York, we called for our *books of curious science*, and casting several figures and making divers flourishes with a Jacob's staff, which is a sort of heir-loom in our family, we saw distinctly the whole group of the caterers for Salmagundi; and truly they are purveyors of an exquisite taste,

> "Merrier men,
> Within the limits of becoming mirth
> We never spent an hour's talk withal."

In the following poignant essay, the writer, who is a well principled Federalist, a wit, and a cavalier, has derided a chattering country with great liveliness of description, and all the sharpness of satire. *Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum,* is the characteristick of Columbia as well as of Cataline. We talk incessantly, and talk loud, and Candour is willing to acknowledge that many talk well. But after bellowing vehemently, do our politicians act wisely? Do we follow up angry orations with valiant actions, and is our spirit of the same tone with our speeches? No; the reverse is lamentably the case. Like our *red brethren*, we have many a *long talk*, but we have neither their *war-whoop*, nor their dexterous stratagem.

We cannot conclude this introduction, without again commending the conductors of this facetious miscellany. The style of Mustapha, without servility, very successfully emulates GOLDSMITH's manner in the Citizen of the World.

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LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

To ASEM HACCHEM principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

I promised in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am held in durance.—Though my inquiries for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results, for thou mayest easily imagine that the vision of a captive is overshadowed by the mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed.

I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government. Even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject; some have insisted that it savors of an *aristocracy;* others maintain that is a *pure* democracy; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more nor less than a *mobocracy*. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in errour, have come nearest to the truth. You of course must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the ancient greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country; but a fool who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to, as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English, I was but little attended to, but the moment I prosed away in Greek, every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars abovementioned yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most *pacifick* in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling at times to see into what ridiculous errours those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation pacifick! most preposterous! it reminds me of the title assumed by the Sheck of that murderous tribe of wild Arabs, who desolate the valleys of Belsaden, who styles himself *star of courtesy—beam of the mercy seat!*

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character; for, according to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war (in their own way) with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which ALLA has denounced his malediction!

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure unadulterated LOGOCRACY or *government of words.* The whole nation does every thing *viva voce*, or, by word of mouth, and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has, what is here called, the *gift of the gab*, that is, a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright, and is forever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et lingua*, that is to say, by *force of tongues.* The account which I lately wrote to our friend the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed only to amuse their fair country women by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes, and are, by way of distinction, denominated the "*defenders of the fair.*"

In a logocracy thou well knowest there is little or no occasion for fire arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by *wordy battle*, and *paper war;* he who has the longest tongue, or readiest quill, is sure to gain the victory—will carry horrour, abuse, and *ink shed* into the very trenches of the enemy, and without mercy or remorse, put men, women, and children, to the point of the—pen!

There are still preserved in this country some remains of that gothick spirit of knight-errantry, which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages of the Hejira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must necessarily at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriours, incessant brawlers, similar to those, who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet.—These knights denominated editors or SLANG-WHANGERS are appointed in every town, village and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing "in words." Oh, my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horrour and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriours attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy among the higher classes, to dethrone his highness, the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this disaffection arose from his wearing *red breeches.* It is true the nation have long held that colour in great detestation in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the British islands. The colour, however, is again rising into favour, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw's——body. The true reason I am told, is that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge, and in the story of Balaam's ass;—maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy, where it is true his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence as "the voice of the sovereign people." Nay, so far

did he carry his obstinacy that he absolutely invited a professed *anti-deluvian* from the Gallick empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles——and his *nose*. This was enough to set the nation in a blaze—every slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed; nor has any mercy been shown to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks upon each other, and upon their respective adherents, discharging their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel! villain! liar! rascal! numskull! nincompoop! dunderhead! wiseacre! blockhead! jackass! And I do swear by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been wofully pelted! yea, most ignominiously pelted!—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado!

Every now and then, a slang-whanger, who has a longer head, or rather a *longer tongue*, than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the Emperour of France, the King of England; or, (wouldst thou believe it, oh, Asem) even at his sublime highness the bashaw of Tripoli! these long pieces are loaded with single ball or langrage, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tyger! monster! And thou mayest well suppose, they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvellously annoying to the crowned heads at which they were directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, "Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe."* This is sufficient to show you the manner in which these bloody, or rather *windy* fellows fight; it is the only mode allowable in a *logocracy* or government of words. I would also observe that their civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a "wheel within a wheel."

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident, than in its grand national divan, or congress, where the laws are framed; this is a blustering windy assembly where every thing is carried by noise, tumult and debate; for thou must know, that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find out wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear *themselves talk*. When the Congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message (i. e. a huge mass of words—*vox et preterea nihil*) all meaning nothing; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a *long talk*, about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and

NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

* The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye the following anecdote, related either by Linkum Fidelius, or Josephus Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller—of facetious memory.

The captain of a slave vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed under a palm-tree a negro chief sitting most majestically on a stump, while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering his favourite pottage of boiled rice, which, as his imperial majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination, and run down his chin. The watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these scape-grace particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question, "Well, sir! what do they say of me in England?"

here arises many disputes about the correction and alteration of "*if so bes*," and "*how so evers*." A month, perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain, and then another, most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntos of *talkers*, called committees: these juntos have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the grand divan, which forthwith falls to and *re-talks* the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarrelling, and talking, is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoke. May it not then be said, that the whole nation have been talking to no purpose? the people, in fact seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favourite proverb on the subject, viz. "all talk and no cider;" this is particularly applied when their congress (or assembly of all the sage chatterers of the nation) have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads. This has been the case more than once, my friend; and to let thee into a secret, I have been told in confidence, that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into congress from different parts of the empire, who having once got on the breeches, as thou may'st well imagine, have taken the lead in debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with their garrulity; for my part, as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to publick councils as old men, who possess their dispositions—they certainly are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking, but they take so long to talk over a measure, that by the time they have determined upon adopting it, the period has elapsed, which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation—thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! never, I fear will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath—breath is but air; and air put in motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatterers, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways, and their blasts counteracting each other—the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestick grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz—town meetings are immediately held, where the quid-nuncs of the city repair, each like an Atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock, puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time, and after each man has shown himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions (i. e. *words*) which were *previously prepared* for the purpose; these resolutions are whimsically denominated the *sense* of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them —and so the matter ends.

As to his highness, the present bashaw, who is, at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary bet-

ter qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He *talks* of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument!—Is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces——the bashaw of America—utters a *speech*. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbours, an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets——his highness of America utters a *speech*. Are the *free* citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country and forcibly detained in the war ships of another power——his highness—utters a *speech*. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country——his highness—utters a *speech*. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire——his highness—utters a *speech!*—nay, more, for here he shows his "energies"—he most intrepidly despatches a courier on horseback, and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of *proclamations*, (i. e. a collection of words) packed up in his saddle-bags. He is instructed to show no favour nor affection, but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here; it reminds me of a dunghill cock in a farm-yard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling—calls around him his *hen-hearted* companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem! Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is every thing in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each a separate characteristick trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other; the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to *sleep* upon every affair of importance—the Italians to *fiddle* upon every thing—the French to *dance* upon every thing—the Germans to *smoke* upon every thing—the British islanders to *eat* upon every thing,—and the *windy* subjects of the American logocracy to *talk* upon every thing.

Ever thine

MUSTAPHA.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

POLICE OF LONDON.

A young man, named Hervey, a drummer to the Bishopsgate corps of volunteers, was charged with a violent assault and battery upon an old lady named Foxham, who keeps an oyster-stall in Bishopsgate street. From the old lady's statement, it appeared, that this *tormentor of parchment*, with several others his companions, came to her stall in a very riotous manner, and said they must have some of her wares; but, suspecting they meant to *bilk* her, she refused to open them any; upon which the delinquent, in a very unsoldierlike way, beat a tattoo about her head with as little feeling as if he had been thumping his own drum, blackened one of her eyes, upset her magazine of shellfish, spilled her vinegar, dispersed her pepper to the winds, and threw her half penny-roll in the mud.

The drummer denied the charge altogether, and said he only asked her to open him a penny worth of oysters: that she refused, pushed him away, and discharged her whole battery of shells at him. He gave a very blinking account, however, about the old lady's black eye. The Lord Mayor, after giving him a very severe reprimand for his unsoldierly, inhuman, and ruffianly conduct, ordered that he should immediately retire, and satisfy the poor woman amply for the injury he had done, or find bail to stand trial.

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Sept. 5.—This day a dowager, about fifty-six, named Martin, who exhibit-

ed one conspicuous black eye, charged a Mr. M'Gloughlin, a foreign gentleman, who lodged in the same house, with knocking her down at her lodgings on Thursday night, beating her unmercifully, and giving her the black eye.

The charge was corroborated upon the venerable testimony of her mother, a lady whose age seemed converging to the termination of her first century.

Mr. M'Gloughlin being called on for his plea of defence to this charge, stated that it arose from jealousy, not indeed of an amorous kind. He was in his own apartment opposite that of these ladies, retiring to rest with his wife, when he suddenly heard a most obstreperous volley of eloquence at his door, discharged by the junior dowager, in which she greeted him by all the opprobrious epithets which her fancy, aided by the inspiration of her duffy bottle, could suggest. He opened the door to entreat a parley, and inquire into the cause of the good lady's *ire;* but she flew upon him like a lynx, tattooed his visage with her claws, which immediately brought the purling streams of blood meandering down his cheeks. He endeavoured to retreat from the attack, but the lady followed up her first essay, and in endeavouring to make a second spring at her object, missed her pounce, and fell flat on the floor, when she immediately seized Mr. M'Gloughlin by the legs, made a desperate attack on them *unguibus et rostro*, and brought him down. He endeavoured, in vain, to extricate himself from her clutches, and declared he was obliged to strike her in order to force her to let him loose. The only reason she assigned for her violent attack, was, that he had one day the audacity to tell her, that he liked the manners and deportment of her mother better than her own.

The Lord Mayor very patiently reprimanded the unmanly circumstance of striking a woman, in any case, but much more so a woman of the plaintiff's advanced years; and insisted upon satisfaction being made to her.

Yesterday a full grown, well dressed, and *gentlemanlike* lady, named Basset, who would certainly have carried the prize at any show of *female magnitude* in Leistershire, Woburn and elsewhere, was charged by a Mrs. Boon, the wife of a publican, who keeps the sign of the Rose, in the Old Bailey, with very disorderly and riotous behaviour, breaking her bar windows, demolishing several bottles of her reviving cordials, and assaulting her husband on the preceding night.

It appeared that Mrs. Basset who attired herself on Thursday evening in her conversation bonnet, snow-white gown, and rich black lace Spanish cloak, for a visit to the cheerful shrine of Saint Bartholomew, in Smithfield, had gone thither with a few friends; and having lost or being lost by them in the fair, on her return homewards, she called in at the sign of the Rose, to revive her exhausted spirits, with just a drop or two of Queen's cordial. But Mrs. Boon seeing the lady rather *full blown* and in *high colour*, and fragrant already from the *pitysan* she had taken at the fair, did not choose to comply with her wishes. Upon which Mrs. Basset, in the language of the Old Bailey, nabbed the rust; insisted upon some liquor, would not quit the house without it, and began to blow up the hostess and blast the rose. Mr. Boon, good man, "*who did not like to have none of that there piece of work,*" endeavoured, by a little gentle force, to urge Mrs. Basset into the open air; upon which, she faced about, tipt him a *Belcher* in the best eye, and then darted her fist through the bar window up to her shoulder, demolishing bottles, glasses and cordials, altogether amounting to 25s.

Mrs. Basset in her vindication, said, she only went into the house to take shelter from the rain, and that Boon insisted she should not stay there, as she had no money to spend; that he had turned her out, torn her cloak, knocked her into the kennel, and sent her to the Compter. This story, however, being disproved, except the Compter part, Mrs. Basset was or-

dered to pay the damages, to which, with great reluctance, she consented.

MISCELLANY.

Among the many extraordinary characters which have started up in our romantick country, few have attracted more curiosity than a gentleman by the name of Burr, who, during the *revolutionary* war, was an officer in the American Army, and who, within a short period, has been charged with treason in the west, has been illegally prosecuted, and by a sort of confederacy of jacobinical editors, has been, to the mockery of all law and justice, condemned unheard. Dazzled by the splendour of this corruscating meteor, continually darting across our American hemisphere, some Kentucky Plutarch has in the following very extraordinary manner described his impressions at the sight. As the style of this singular composition is altogether to the taste of the great majority of our loving countrymen, I beg leave to recommend the authour as eminently qualified to shine as a July orator.

PORTRAIT OF BURR.

Frankfort, August 30th, 1805.

My dear Friend,

I have, at length, been gratified with a sight of the late Vice-President, Aaron Burr. He arrived in this place on the 28th instant from New-Orleans. A few days after, I had the honour of spending an evening in his company. I know you will laugh at the idea of my awkwardness; but be it as it may, I had some *good solid looks* at him; and can tell you something about him.

His stature is about five feet six inches; he is a spare, meagre form, but of an elegant symmetry; his complexion is fair and *transparent;* his dress was fashionable and rich, but not *flashy*. He is a man of an erect and dignified deportment; his presence is commanding; his aspect mild, firm, *luminous and impressive*. His physiognomy is of the French *configuration:* his forehead is prominent, broad, retreating, indicative of great expansion of mind, *immense* range of thought, and *amazing* exuberance of fancy; but too smooth and regular for great *altitude of conception*, and those *original, eccentrick and daring aberrations of superiour genius*. The eye-brows are thin, nearly horizontal, and too far from the eye; his nose is nearly *rectilinear, too slender between the eyes, rather inclined to the right side;* gently elevated, which betrays a degree of haughtiness; *too obtuse at the end for great acuteness of penetration, brilliancy of wit, or poignancy of satire; and too small to sustain his ample and capacious forehead;* his eyes are of ordinary size, of a dark hazle; and from the shade of his projecting eye-bones and brows, appear black, they *glow with all the ardour of venereal fire, and scintillate with the most tremulous sensibility*—they roll with *the celerity and phrenzy of poetick fervour, and beam with the most vivid and piercing rays of genius*. His mouth is large; his voice is manly, clear and melodious; his lips are thin, *extremely flexible*, and *when silent, gently closed;* but *opening with facility to distil the honey which trcikles from his tongue*. His chin is rather retreating and *voluptuous*. To *analise his face* with *physiognomical scrutiny*, you may discover many unimportant traits; but upon the *first blush, or a superficial view, they are obscured like the spots in the sun, by a radiance that dazzles and fascinates the sight*.

In company, Burr is rather taciturn. When he speaks, it is with such animation, with such apparent frankness and negligence, as to induce a person to believe he was a man of guileless and ingenuous heart; but in my opinion there is no human creature more reserved, mysterious, and inscrutable.

I have heard a great deal of Chesterfield and the graces. Surely Burr is the epitome—the essence of them all; for never were their charms displayed with such potency and irresistible attraction. He seems passionately fond of female society, and there is no being better calculated to succeed and shine in that sphere; to the ladies he is all attention—all devotion—in conversation he gazes on them with complacency and rapture, and when he addresses them, it is with that smiling affability, those captivating gestures, that *je ne scai quoi*, those dissolving looks, that soft, sweet, and

insinuating eloquence, which takes the soul captive before it can prepare for defence. In short, he is the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed, even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction. But, alas! my friend, what avails these splendid talents—that transcendent address—nay, all the blessings that heaven can bestow, without that solace, that inestimable boon, content and tranquillity! Burr is an exemplary, an illustrious instance of the capriciousness of popular admiration, and the mutability of human glory and felicity. But why should we wonder at popular instability and clamour—a discordant voice that vilifies and arraigns even Omnipotence itself? The circumstances that have thus contributed to blast the popularity and poison the peace and happiness of this unfortunate man, are lamentable indeed; but he who will presume to ascribe them to a corruption or depravity of heart, rather than to the fallibility of man, and the frailty of human passions, must be blinded by his own venom and utterly estranged to every sentiment of compassion, and that lenient and divine maxim which instructs us, that where opposing presumptions are of equal weight, the scale should always preponderate on the side of mercy. Confident I am that there is no person more sincerely penitent for this misfortune, than him who was the instrument. Yes, my friend, even Burr, the inimitable Burr, is disturbed, is unhappy! Often did I mark the perturbation of his mind, the agonizing sensations which wrung his too susceptible heart, and which in spite of his philosophy and sprightliness, wrote themselves in the darkest shades of his countenance; and when I beheld the melancholy, the saturnine clouds which often enveloped his bleeding, his magnanimous soul, my feelings were melted with a thrilling, a sublime sympathy—the tears started in my eyes, and could I have given them the efficacy of the angels, I would have expiated his crime—I would have blotted out the imputation from the memory of man, and the records of heaven!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley, on the subject of the Epistles of Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun. They exhibited in a print, Phalaris' guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the Doctor's mouth —"I had much rather be roasted than *boiled!*"

Literal Translation from a Bourdeaux paper, showing one of the elegant and pure manners of the *Great Nation.*

LATEST FASHIONS AT PARIS.

"There has been much clamour against stays (corsets) and whale-bones and yet ev'ry young lady now wears stays and whale-bones, nay there is even a *professor of Stays*, like a professor of Belles Lettres, attached to every Boarding School. Every week Mr. professor visits and inspects the waists of his young élèves, makes them manœuvre and display their shapes for half an hour, while you hear him roaring out "Mademoiselle Julie, a little more on your right haunch; Mademoiselle Amanda, don't poke out your *stomach* so much; Mademoiselle Georgiana, your elbows have no play, your arms are falling to pieces, your body is not ballanced in a direct line; and all of you young ladies, pray remember that you must use your left as well as your right hand, and that, notwithstanding the perfection of my *corsets*, she that uses her right hand more than her left, will infallibly become hump-backed."

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Belinda, would'st thou seek to prove
If still thy heart be fit for love,
Go, pierce the deep embow'ring shades,
Go, muse along the silent glades;
If there the brook, that murm'ring flows,
If Zephyr—if the breathing rose—

If these thy heart to transport move,
Belinda, it is fit for love!

But, ah! if 'mid the wild wood's charms,
Where spreads the oak his moss-grown arms,
If tuneful birds—if rising day—
If ev'ning's purple westering ray—
If, on the boundless pebbly shore,
Thou list the glitt'ring ocean's roar—
And if thy heart no transport move,
Oh never, never speak of love!

—

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A work entitled *More Miseries, being a continuation of The Miseries of Human Life*, having been recently advertised —WILLIAM MILLER respectfully informs the publick, that it has no connexion whatever with that published by him, in June last, under the title of —The Miseries of Human Life—and which has already gone through *Five Editions*, that he is now permitted to announce the name of the Rev. JAMES BERESFORD, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, as the real and sole authour of the last-named performance; and that no present or future production (under whatever title) upon the subject in question is to be considered as that of the original authour of the *Miseries*, &c. unless it be advertised as published by William Miller, who takes this opportunity of giving notice, that a second and entirely new volume of the Miseries, &c. is in preparation, and will be published in January next.

—

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, at Stingford Church, Dorsetshire, Lord Marsham, only son of the Earl of Romney, to Miss Pitt, daughter and sole heiress of Wm. Morton Pitt, Esq. M. P. for Dorset, with a fortune of 60,000*l.* and an estate of 12,000*l.* per annum, independent of the estates of her father. Mr. and Mrs. M. Pitt gave the lady away, while Colonel Noel and Miss Beckford officiated on the occasion. The early part of the morning the whole of the unmarried female branches of the neighbouring tenantry and villages attended at Kingston-house, the seat of W. M. Pitt, Esq. every female attired in an elegant white muslin dress, provided for them, as a present on the occasion, by Miss Pitt; after refreshments, about forty couple proceeded two-and-two before the procession to the church, strewing on the way (before the happy couple) in the ancient style, flowers of every description, and after the ceremony they returned in the same order, attended by near 300 spectators, to Kingston-house, where a dinner was provided in booths on the lawn, and the festive eve concluded with a ball on the green, in which the nobility present shared in the mirth. Early in the evening, the happy couple and suite set off in post carriages to pass the honey-moon at the lady's own seat, Hinchcombe-house, Dorset.

—

The following beautiful lines upon Sir William Jones, are from Grant's Poem upon the restoration of learning in the east.

His was the soul, by fear nor interest sway'd;
The purest passions, and the wisest head,
The heart so tender and the wit so true,
Yet this no malice, that no weakness knew:
The song, to Virtue as the Muses dear,
Though glowing chaste, and lovely though severe.
What gorgeous trophies crown his youthful bloom,
The spoils august of Athens and of Rome.
And, lo! untouch'd by British brows before,
Yet nobler trophies wait on Asia's shore:
There, at his magick voice, what wonders rise!
Th' astonish'd East unfolds her mysteries;
Round her dark shrine a sudden blaze he showers,
And all unveil'd the proud Pantheon* towers.
Where, half unheard, Time's formless billows glide,
Alone he stems the dim discover'd tide;
Wide o'er the expanse as darts his radiant sight,
At once the vanish'd ages roll in light.
Old India's Genius, bursting from repose,
Bids all his tombs their mighty dead disclose;
Immortal names! though long immers'd in shade,
Long lost to song, tho' destin'd not to fade.
O'er all the master of the spell presides,
Their march arranges, and their order guides;
Bids here or there their ranks or gleam or blaze
With hues of elder or of later days.

---

* This alludes to the various elucidations which Sir W. Jones has given of Hindoo mythology.

See, where in British robes sage Menu† shines,
And willing Science opes her Sancreet mines!
His are the triumphs of her ancient lyres,
Her tragick sorrows, and her epick fires;
Her earliest arts, and learning's sacred store,
And strains sublime of philosophick lore:
Bright in his view their gather'd pomp appears,
The treasur'd wisdom of a thousand years.
Oh, could my verse, in characters of day,
The living colours of thy mind portray,
And on the skeptick, 'midst his impious dreams,
Flash all the brightness of their mingled beams!
Then should he know, how talents various, bright,
With pure Devotion's holy thoughts unite;
And blush (if yet a blush survive) to see
What genius, honour, virtue ought to be.
Philosopher—yet to no system tied,
Patriot—yet friend to all the world beside;
Ardent with temper, and with judgment bold,
Firm, though not stern, and though correct, not cold;
Profound to reason, or to charm us gay,
Learn'd without pride, and not too wise to pray.

—

At the time of the marriage of the Duke of Wirtemburg, the following couplet was handed about. His highness was unusually corpulent, and also of a very warm temperament.

"Quoth Wirtemburg's duke, I burn with desire,"
"Then, Cupid exclaims, all the fat 's in the fire."

These lines cannot be said to be very applicable to the present Prince (Jerome) and Princess of Wirtemburg. A wit thinks, however, with a trivial alteration, they would not be very unapt, if the spare form of his Imperial Highness is considered:

"Quoth Wirtemburg's prince, I burn with desire,"
"Says the princess, *n'importe*, there 's no fat in the fire." *Walpole Wag.*

—

INTEGRITY OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

We have repeatedly taken occasion to speak with our loudest emphasis of the *probity* as well as the talents of a learned profession, who are perpetually assailed by the American vulgar. Genius and Virtue are always hated by every Vandal and every villain. The flame of persecution, which these execrable wretches have long been kindling, we hope soon to see extinguished in their own blood. As another proof of the integrity of our lawyers, if a new proof be wanting, we subjoin the following resolution of the Cumberland Bar. It exhibits all the delicacy of the moral sense, and all the spirit of scholars and gentlemen.

CUMBERLAND BAR.

Whereas it is essential to the honour and reputation of the Bar, and highly conducive to the good of the community, that all suits of law should be originated with *pure* motives, and conducted to their issue with candour and fidelity; and whereas it is more especially important that no bond, note, or demand, should be directly or indirectly purchased or obtained by loan or advance of monies thereon, with the corrupt view of multiplying actions and accumulating costs: It is therefore *resolved* as the united sense of the Cumberland Bar, that no counseller or practising attorney can consistently with his oath or duty, or with honour or honesty, directly or indirectly purchase, or otherwise obtain by loan or advancing money thereon, or promising so to do, or raising expectation thereof, or by any other means, any bonds, notes, securities or demands whatever, with intent, and for the purpose of commencing actions thereon, and thereby creating controversies and costs: and it is further resolved as the opinion of the Bar, that such conduct in a counseller or practising attorney, is a *desertion* of *moral principle*; a *violation* of *professional confidence* and *duty*; a *disgrace* to *the Bar*; and a *mischief* in *society*.

And to prevent the imputation of such conduct to the *Bar*, as a *body*, when it may be deserved by *individuals* thereof only, it is further resolved, that the secretary of the Bar forthwith cause an attested copy of the foregoing resolutions to be published in the Portland Gazette and Eastern Argus, for three weeks successively.

A true copy from the Record of said Bar.

Attest,

HORATIO SOUTHGATE, Sec'ry.

† In reference to Sir W. Jones's celebrated translation of "The Institutes of Menu," the great Indian legislator.

From the Anti-Jacobin Review.

Sir,

I send you a trifle that was written some years ago, and suggested, I believe, by the "Needy Knife Grinder" of your illustrious predecessour, the original Anti-Jacobin. Whatever may become of the sentiment, the sapphick metre seems to be pretty correct. We must suppose a philosophical Jacobin, who had been contemplating with rapture the massacres at Lyons, La Vendee, &c. And that soon after, on considering the fate of a Goose that had been roasted and eaten in the house of a loyal gentleman, he breaks out into the following poetick-patriotick whinings.

BENVOLIO.

Sapphia's Lamentation of a Jacobin on the demolition of a roasted Goose.

Scaly Goose-gander, what a sad mishap this!
Innocent throat cut—not a friend to save thee,
While cruel cook, sans pity, Goosey gander,
Sticks on a vile spit.

Scaly Goose-gander, whither art thou wander'd?
Not, as thy bard sings, in a lady's chamber;
Tho' to that room thy pretty snowy plumes may
Pass in a down bed.

Pluck'd are thy plumes all lily bright and shiny.
Now, alas! e'en thy merry-thought's a sad thought;
And the dear breast bone, fie upon the tyrant,
Turn'd to a skip-jack.

This the proud tyrant's little boys and girls took,
Making it skip where thou! alas, devour'd wast.
Cobler, how cou'dst thou pityless supply wax
For such a foul deed?

Jacobins thee would not abuse so grossly.
Tender are their hearts—regicides and atheists
Melt at each downfal of a bug or louse destroy'd by the tyrants.

MERRIMENT.

Mr. George Wood, as amiable as a man, as he is eminent as a special pleader, was at the theatre seeing the play of Macbeth. In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, what they are doing, they answer, "a *deed* without a *name*." This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetick passages of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend who accompanied him. "A *deed* without a *name*, why 'tis *void*."

—

Mrs. S. of faro memory, was reproaching her daughter with her frequent disappointments, in not having been able to get married. "Ah, child!" said she, "if you had played your cards as I have done, you would have got off long ago." "Ah mother!" she replied, "I *should* have got off long ago, if you had not played your cards at all."

—

On the corporation of London presenting the freedom of the city to Admiral Rodney, in a *gold* box; and to Admiral Keppel, in a box of *Heart of Oak*, Mr. Whitefoord wrote the following epigram:

Each admiral's defective part,
Satirick cits, you've told;
The cautious *Keppel* wanted *heart*,
And gallant *Rodney*, *gold*.

—

Mr. Pitt, walking one dark evening, with the late Edmund Burke, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which, in the earnestness of conversation, he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily, "get out of the way, boy." "That boy, sir," said the minister, very calmly, "is a *post*-boy, who never turns out of his way for any body."

—

A carpenter passing by with a deal board on his shoulder, hit Mr. Pratt on the head with the end of it; when perceiving what he had done, he cried out, "*Have a care, sir.*" "*Why,*" replied Mr. Pratt, "*do you intend to hit me again?*"

—

Dr. Parr is not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman *a fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said, he would complain of this usage to the Bishop. "Do," said the

Doctor, "and my lord Bishop will *confirm* you."

—

Rowland Hill, holding forth at the chapel in Wapping to a crowded audience, used the following phrase, "You are all sinners! great sinners, vile sinners, wicked sinners, *Wapping sinners!*" The last phrase bearing a double meaning, some of the congregation considered it as particularly aimed at their own vicinity, and drove him from the pulpit.

—

An eminent collector of books, who seldom reads any thing beyond the title page, told Professor Porson once that he was fond of books in *folio*. "There," said the professor, "I differ from you: I like them best in *fructu*."

—

When Graham the auctioneer had the impudence to stand candidate for Westminster, his coach one day happened to prevent Lord Wm. Russel's from drawing up. On this his lordship desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, "Mr. Auctioneer, your coach is a going! a going! a going! gone!"

—

At a representation of the *Chances* at Plymouth, two or three years ago, Miss Mellon performed the part of the Second Constantia. A young midshipman was enraptured with her; and when she recited, "Now, if any young fellow would take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I'd make him the best wife in the world." "*I will, by G–d,*" exclaimed the tar; "*and I have two year's pay to receive next Friday.*"

—

Mr. Reynolds was at one of the Dutchess of B——'s masquerades, when, being known, some of the characters took occasion to rally him on having introduced his dog Carlo, as one of the Dramatis Personæ, in his new farce, THE CARAVAN. "Why," said he, "to tell you the truth, our poets have gone over the *same ground* so often, that I was forced to go to *New-found-land* in search of novelty."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines were written by a lady, and addressed to Mr. Trott, an artist deservedly celebrated for the character and style of his paintings.

Think 'tis for Love's fastidious eye,
So hard to please, your skill you try,
Who, conscious of your power, demands
The finish'd portrait from your hands.
Then let him in the picture trace
More than the image of my face;
Let him, in every line express'd,
Behold what passes in my breast.
But is not this beyond your art?
Or are you skill'd to read the heart?
And can your pencil's magick touch,
Say all, but yet not say too much?
Can it bid warm affection glow?
Can it a grateful passion show?
Can it a face so plain as mine
Irradiate with that air divine,
Which love, love only can impart,
Which speaks the fond, devoted heart!
Can it to memory restore
My form, when I'm beheld no more,
And make the faithful picture glow
With feeling which no words can show?

—

Lines addressed by a lady in New York to a young lady in Philadelphia.

For thee, dear girl, I'd wishes form,
That pain and sorrow ne'er were known,
That disappointment's cankering worm
Were gendered in the brain alone.

I'd wish that envy, hate and scorn
Might no more on our earth be seen,
Or banish'd with thy youthful morn,
Should be as though they ne'er had been.

And all the vapours of the earth,
From bog, or brake, or sightless fen,
The glorious sun should scatter forth,
And hills and vallies smile again.

I'd ask the fragrant breath of heav'n,
To paint the roses on thy cheek,
And all the dewy stars of ev'n,
To give thine eyes effulgence meek.

The gentleness that marks the dove,
Should in thy gentler bosom dwell;
Nor e'en the potent god of Love
Should harm it by his magick spell.

The wisdom which in ancient days
Form'd the bright wreath for Sheba's name,
Thine should transcend, as do the lays,
Which spread the Swan of Avon's fame.

I'd call on Plenty to bestow
The treasures of her fruitful horn,
And Health without whose smile, you know,
All other good excites our scorn.

But counting now this scene of bliss,
Which I would fain that you possest,
The debtor page is simply this;
Content——it balances the rest.

—

For The Port Folio.

THE STREAM UNKNOWN TO SONG.

There is a stream, unknown to fame,
A stream, that bears a barb'rous name,
A stream unknown to classick song,
That rolls its placid waves along
Through fields of corn, and fertile plains,
The wealth and pride of rustick swains,
Supported by the living rills
That gurgle from a thousand hills,
Until it finds a flow'ry dell,
Where Naiads might delight to dwell;
And sportive Fays, if such there were,
Might hold their nightly revels there:
Oft have I view'd the pleasing scene,
Beneath the beech that shades the green;
Or where the oak its branches spreads,
Or poplars raise their tow'ring heads;
Or where the ash and elm combine
To prop the weak aspiring vine;
Oft in a listless, waking dream,
Where bending willows kiss the stream,
I've gaz'd to see the passing tide
Swift o'er the grav'ly bottom glide;
Onward, it rolls its lucid flood
Through the dark umbrage of a wood,
'Till rushing from the shady grove
It bursts upon the fields I love,
And winding on by cooling bowers,
Where Beauty's hand has planted flowers,
With hast'ning current boldly flows
O'er rocks that would its course oppose.
How swiftly do its waters play!
Ye waves! why haste ye, thus away?
Where will ye find another vale,
Where maids as fair as Cara dwell?
Sweet vale! where oft at early light,
I watch'd the slow retiring night!
Sweet vale! where oft at eve I stray'd,
To muse upon my fav'rite maid!
Not Ida's sacred piny grove,
Where Paris yielded all for love;
Nor yet Arcadia's classick plains,
So fam'd of old for piping swains;
Not Tempe's vale, where Io stray'd
Till Jove surpris'd the wand'ring maid;
Nor yet those gay Sicilian bowers,
Where Ceres' daughter gather'd flowers,
And whence, the nymph, in sad affright,
Was borne by Dis, to realms of night;
Not all that heated fancy dreams
Of sylvan grots, and haunted streams;
Not happy isles, Elysian shades,
Or Moslem heaven of black-eyed maids,
Could tempt to rove my steady eye
From the delightful fields that lie
Upon the stream, unknown to fame,
The stream that bears a barb'rous name!

ANNIUS.

April 25, 1807.

—

For The Port Folio.

WAR.

Hark the trumpet's shrilly sound!
Hark the whizzing bullets fly,
See the wounded strew'd around,
See the earth of bloody dye,
See the smoke in volumes rise,
Mark the horrour of each face,
See the vanquished party flies,
See the victors urge the chase;
Cruel War! when wilt thou cease,
When, oh when wilt thou be o'er—
When shall we behold sweet Peace,
Or shall she return no more?
When shall be no blood-gorged field,
When his field the peasant till?
Shall it no more harvests yield,
His barn, his granary, to fill?
Alas! when from the bloody strife
Shall conflicting bands retire?
When, oh when, the drum and fife
No more barb'rous man inspire.

I. S. H.

The following is a very humorous parody of Horace's "Persicos odi."

TO MY BARBER.

Friz me no more—I cannot bear
Mountains of powder on my hair,
And oceans of pomatum:
Let city prigs or courtly beaus
Wear the scarce bag, or scarcer rose,
I will not, for I hate 'em:
To be so feathered, as an owl,
Or larded like a Gallick fowl,
For Englishmen is horrid;
Dress me no longer like a fop,
But bring my *Scratch*, whose Tyburn top
Lies snug upon my forehead.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL, NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.